

E4/20

.C34

0 011 897 606 A

HOLLINGER
pH 8.5
MILL RUN F3-1543



READ AND CIRCULATE.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE 7th WARD,
 ✓ CASS AND BUTLER CLUB,
 " IN WASHINGTON CITY,

Submit the following Extracts to the consideration of the people, and respectfully ask the candid of all parties to give them a careful perusal.

The facts as stated in COL. FRANCIS M. WYNKOOP'S Speech, endorsed by many of the brave volunteers who have returned from the Mexican War, fully substantiate the charge of "MORAL TREASON," as attributed to the Whig Party by President Polk in his messages to Congress, and reiterated from time to time by Democratic members in the Senate and House of Representatives, and Democratic papers throughout the country; the Committee earnestly desire every man into whose hands this pamphlet may fall, to read it carefully and then decide whether they will be satisfied, in the approaching contest, with *that party* who (during our war with Mexico) took sides with the enemy against their Country and denied them all the aid and comfort in their power, or whether like Col. Wyndkoop, Capt. Davis and a host of others, (brave volunteers) they will be found in the ranks of those, who have from first to last been found manfully contending for the rights and honor of their beloved Country.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Republican Legions of Old Bucks in the Field!

Democratic Harvest Home in Doylestown!—Unprecedented outpouring! Col. Francis M. Wynkoop renouncing whiggery, and giving in his adhesion to democracy.

Under this head, the Philadelphia Times and Keystone gives a very animated description of the grand harvest-home rally of the democracy of Old Bucks, on the 5th inst. The enthusiasm for Cass and Butler was very great. Flags floated with democratic inscriptions in all directions in the town of Doylestown. About 10 o'clock, the gallant Capt. W. W. H. Davis, of the Massachusetts' regiment of volunteers, came in a carriage in front of the democratic headquarters—Mr. Apple's hotel—and was warmly greeted by those who so long and so well knew him. Soon after his arrival, Robt. Tyler, esq., came in, who was greeted with loud cheering. After him the township delegation from the lower part of the county, and the democratic representatives from Trenton, came up the street, headed by an excellent band from Trenton. It did our heart good to see the *people*—the sturdy farmers, with their sunburnt faces and warm hearts—come thronging in, with their horses gayly caparisoned with small flags bearing the names of Cass and Butler, or enveloped in the green livery of the forest. Two, four, and six-horse teams came in, with large *platforms* erected upon them, and some with poles topped with flags, and filled with men—young and old, with brown faces, hard hands, and true hearts. Buckingham township, with her hosts of sons, with banners such as these, came up—'Our country right or wrong!' A large and beautiful banner, bound about with evergreen, with this inscription, 'Cass, Butler, and no bank,' showed that its bearers were of the right stripe. The American flags were scattered profusely throughout the long line, which seemed endless. New Hope followed with flags and banners: 'Democratic principles, and *not* men'—'The tariff of 1846,' &c.; while Solesbury, Warwick, Newtown, Bristol, and many other delegations, brought up the rear with other patriotic devices, which we cannot take time nor space to mention in particular. In fact, every moment brought new arrivals to swell the already large crowd. At 10 o'clock the discharge of artillery told that the military heroes were approaching. The carriage containing General Patterson, Colonels Wynkoop and Black, drove up into the crowd, and nine loud and hearty cheers rent the air. The greeting that was given by the Democracy to these heroes was truly gratifying. Col. Wynkoop in particular seemed to be at home among the people of his native county, while General Patterson was besieged on every side with warm grasps of the hand by the assembled thousands. The Philadelphia delegation, in a large six-horse omnibus, with horses decked with plumes, and their vehicle faced on either side by likenesses of Gen Cass, drove up to the headquarters. Three hearty cheers saluted them as they left their omnibus, while the clear notes of their bugle sounded above the voices of the crowd.

At 12 o'clock the meeting was organized—Andrew Apple, of Springfield, in the chair. Various capital speeches were delivered, both before and after dinner. But our limits necessarily confine us to the following:

Capt. W. W. H. DAVIS, (son of Gen. Davis.) The applause when he took the stand was very great. He was glad to see so many true-hearted Democrats before him, who had thrown away their toils and cares, and given one day to their country. The war with Mexico was closed, but there was another battle to be fought and won, and the sturdy democracy before him were to be some of the soldiers. The Whig party are now no longer the friends of the country—they are now its enemies. Ever since the army had first landed upon Mexican soil, until they had gloriously entered the halls of the Montezumas, the Whigs had made a studied objection to the soldier. The speeches of Whig members of Congress were printed and circulated throughout Mexico, and through the country immense numbers of the speeches of Messrs. Clay, Corwin, Botts, and Giddings, could be found. He held in his hand the proceedings of the Mexican Philanthropic Society, in which resolutions of thanks were given to these Whig leaders. The course of the Whig party kept the army in Mexico one year longer than they otherwise would. Had it not been for a strong Mexican army at home, opposed to furnishing supplies, the war would have been ended in six months after its commencement. He then referred to the course of the Democratic party, which had always been for the country; and he pointed to General Cass as the warmest supporter of the rights of the volunteer. Generals Cass and Butler were eminently calculated for the high offices for which they were nominated. Their noble deeds were household words in the mouth of every man in the Union. He knew (he said) General Taylor—he had sat with him under his tent: he was a good soldier: but, to give you the word he gave me from his own lips, he is “not fitted for the office of President of the United States.” He then spoke of General Patterson, who sat by his side. I have followed that gallant General through the iron hail of many a hard fought field—under the walls of Vera Cruz, and upon the bloody heights of Cerro Gordo. He said, the Colonels of the gallant first regiment were yet to speak, and he would give way to them.

The gallant and fine-looking Colonel Francis M. Wynkoop was introduced, amidst the enthusiasm of the people, among whom he had drawn his first breath. It seemed as if the hurrahs would never come to an end. It was an interesting scene to behold—a democratic meeting welcoming into the arms of the party a son, who had wandered from the faith, but who was now returning with joy to those who most loved him. He proceeded, after the applause had subsided, to administer such a dose to the whigs, that they will scarcely recover from its effects until after the 7th of November next, and most likely not at all. We do not pretend, in the following report of his remarks, to do him full justice; but as nearly as we could, we took down his language and his ideas in his own words. The anxiety to hear him was so great, that the crowd pressed between him and our table, and prevented us from catching all that he said. He spoke substantially as follows:

OLD FRIENDS AND PLAYMATES: Associates of my youth! companions of my boyhood's sports! I was born among you—drew my first breath in your midst—fished in your streams—and gunned in your woods! I have been absent for a long time. I have been far separated from you, but my native home has ever been warm in my recollection—never forgotten! As the infant pines for its absent

mother, so have I longed to see your faces once again! I behold before me now the good yeomanry of my natal county, upon whose hearts the finger of God has written that honesty of purpose which has always characterized you. Your country's honor, her dignity, and her welfare, are at stake in the coming contest. I was a Whig. I came from a long race of Whigs, and there is scarcely a Democrat in my long line of connexions. At my country's call I marched as a private soldier to sustain her honor. I went out a Whig, with my musket on my shoulder and my knapsack on my back. I thought my country wanted me. I come back to you, fellow-citizens, a Democrat! [Cheers.] A full-blooded Democrat! [Cheers.] And as the Whigs in derision say, a red-mouthed, venomous Democrat! [Great applause.] And I thank the Mexican war for my conversion. I learned there the difference of heart, the difference of feeling—of soul that existed between the two parties. I learned there a lesson that cannot be rejected. In the moment of peril and danger, while in the arduous service of my country, my mind wandered back to my far-distant native land, and mingled with the cheering recollections of a Whig. I held on to the faith. But I learned that while the army of the republic was engaged in its defence, my own Whig party, influenced by expediency, had engaged in encouraging those who were destroying the army which had been sent abroad to represent them in the field of battle. I saw a party in the United States busily engaged in condemning the war, when I knew and felt it to be just. I knew that blood—good, true, red, American blood—had been shed upon American soil; and it was that feeling that induced me to take up my musket. I have never doubted the justness of this war. [Cheers.] And yielding to the influence and force of motive, I could not resist; I gave in my adhesion to the Democratic party, with my heart and soul. [Cheers.] I can trace back to the Whig party most of the carnage that reddened the plains of Mexico! I can point to them as the cause of the guerilla system, with all its enormity and blood thirstiness. I heard the arguments of the Whig orators addressed to the populace, and I knew their influence in inciting the Mexicans to an obstinate and desperate resistance. I knew, too, their influence upon my poor men, some of whose bones are now bleaching upon the plains of Mexico. I point to the Mexican party in the United States, with Henry Clay at their head, as the cause of all this evil. Taking the hint from him and his party, Salas, the originator of the guerilla system, urged that they should hunt them down, worry them out, and prolong the war. "You can't overcome them," he said, "when you meet them face to face, and thousand to thousand." "The Democratic party," he said, "would insist upon a prosecution of the war, and would have an indemnity; but if the Whig party comes into power, we will have a peace without any sacrifice of territory." How this plan of Salas, suggested by the Whig party in the United States, succeeded, let the bones of the Americans now in Mexico testify; let the gallant spirits who were maimed, and are now lying in the hospitals, speak out; and let the dead officers who fell along the national road utter their voices. And these men were there struggling for their country's honor—not for one State, but the whole Union. And what was their position? Surrounded by an enemy numerous enough to crush them and eat them, they found a party at home, where they should look for succor, moulding the ball, preparing the powder, and sharpening the knife to assassinate them. What was the reward for which they looked? The approval of their countrymen—nothing else. They earnestly gazed three thousand miles back to their native land for that approval. Where they should have found assistance, and indeed approbation, they found nothing from the Whig party but hostility. They turned back to the work with broken hearts; they felt that there were black-hearted, smooth-skinned politicians at

home encouraging the Mexican bloodhounds to seek after their blood. But the crowning act of all—and that which drove out of my heart the last vestige of Whig affection—was Henry Clay's speech and resolutions at Lexington. I tell you—and I speak it in honesty—that tears rolled down my cheeks when I read them; and that, too, published in good Spanish. I found them circulating in every street and corner of Puebla. Where, then, were my Whig principles? In the dust, and, so help me God, I hope forever. [Great cheering.] Another circumstance I must allude to. A few weeks after, I received the *Monitor Americano*; it contained the proceedings of the Philanthropic Society, composed of men high in Mexico, in which were resolutions complimentary of Messrs. Clay, Corwin, Giddings, Botts, &c., and announcing that “these illustrious friends of humanity have been elected honorary members of the Philanthropic Society.” And, fellow-citizens, let them remain there forever. [Cheers.]

Now, I am not here for the purpose of making a political speech. I have been spending my time in the camp, attending to the duties of the soldier. I cannot take time to discuss the principles which were in vogue when I left, and which the change in our circumstances may require to be altered now. I would like to be able to discuss these questions as eloquently as those who have preceded me. I have been used to look upon the two parties as being divided by the simple line of for, or against, the war; or, as I interpret it, for or against the country. [Cheers.] But I talk to you from the honest influence of an old Bucks county heart, and would like to be able to take late authority upon the subjects that now agitate the public mind. I know one of the candidates of the Democratic party well. I know the other as well as I can from history. Gen. Cass's biography is the history of the country. His services in the field are brilliant and eminent. His life has been that of a good, sound patriot. As a statesman, you all know him. There can be no doubt as to his honesty and his qualifications. General Butler I am intimately acquainted with. He was my major general. I know him to be an honorable, gallant, worthy, and accomplished American citizen.

I have little to say about the Whig candidates. Gen. Taylor I know partially, and cheerfully add my testimony relative to his high abilities as a general. But I have always looked, as a Whig, upon Henry Clay as the high priest of Whig principles. Had I never gone into this campaign, and not met with proof that the Whigs were against the war, and not read the Lexington speech, I would still be a Whig. And now, the very party which, for expediency sake, condemned the war, and advised the Mexicans to welcome the army with “bloody hands” and “hospitable graves,” have taken up Gen. Taylor as their candidate for the presidency, whose glory was acquired (according to them) in an unholy, tyrannical, iniquitous, and unjust war. Gen. Taylor has received his reward; and we might as well expect a blacksmith to make a good watch, as he make a good President.

I had a desire that the first Democratic speech that I ever made should be delivered in the old county of my birth; and my desire is now gratified. I am surrounded by eloquent gentlemen, accustomed to speaking, and knowing better the various questions that should be discussed than I do. And now I will yield the stand to them.

Gen. ROBERT PATTERSON also addressed the meeting. He said that he was afraid he would not please them. He was a working man, and not a speaker; and had come to meet his fellow Democrats, but did not expect to see them outpouring in such large numbers. For this glorious reception he returned his sincere thanks. He had been a farmer-boy; he had ploughed, sowed; and mowed, and was therefore happy to meet his brother farmers once more. He glanced rapidly at the objections to General Taylor's election, reviewing in quick suc-

cession his equivocal position upon all the great subjects that occupy the attention of the American people in the coming canvass. Contrasted with this, he exhibited the bold features of Democratic principles and the Democratic platform. He spoke eloquently of the Pennsylvania volunteers, and their glorious reception in their native State; and he alluded in indignant terms to the manner in which Whig Massachusetts has permitted her own volunteers to suffer. He alluded to the influence which the Mexican war would have upon the position of the United States before the European world. Now there would be little or no danger of the despotisms of Europe endeavoring to overcome us. If they should be so foolish as to make the attempt, all that he would ask of the government would be that a call should be made for fifty thousand Pennsylvania *Blue Jackets*, and they would soon settle the business.

CAPTAIN LOESER'S SPEECH AT BERKS COUNTY.

The Democrats of this sterling county met at Reading on the 8th inst. Every portion of the county was well represented, and the proceedings were characterized by great harmony. Excellent speeches were also made by J. Glancy Jones, Charles Davis, H. A. Muhlenberg, Esqs., and by Col. J. B. Myers. Among the pleasing incidents of the meeting, says the *Gazette*, was the speech of the gallant volunteer, Captain LOESER, who left old Berks "a Whig," but has returned from Mexico a—but we let him tell his own story:

"Fellow citizens. I never regretted more than at this moment, that I am no speech-maker; for I assure you that I felt less nervous when under the walls of Chapultepec, than I do now. If there is any glory for me to win, it must be upon the field of battle, and not within the walls of a Court House. I was brought here to define my position, and shall attempt to do it. Some say I am a Whig—others a Democrat. I say I am a Democrat. In 1845, the people of Berks county elected me their Brigade Inspector by a handsome majority. I then said that I had polled my last Whig vote, and say so now; but for other and more weighty reasons. The Whigs in Congress, by refusing us supplies, forced us to forage upon the enemy, or eat mouldy bread, and such food as you would not give to dogs. And more than this, by their violent opposition to the war, they did more than anything else to prolong it, and kept us in Mexico six or eight months longer than we otherwise would have remained there. I have seen—I care not what others may say—I have seen the speeches of Webster, Corwin, and Clay, posted up at the corners in the city of Mexico, in Spanish and English, and know the effect they had upon the Mexicans. How could I, a soldier, longer support the anti war party? I repeat, I am a *Democrat*, and a *full-blooded* one; and I thank Mexico for my conversion."

Captain LOESER sat down amid rounds of applause, and three loud cheers were given spontaneously for him.

"A LITTLE MORE GRAPE, CAPTAIN BRAGG."

"Major Braxton Bragg, who contributed so essentially to the overthrow of the Mexicans at Buena Vista, has also contributed to the discomfiture of Taylor whiggery, in North Carolina. In Northampton county, where the Democrats gain two members of the Legislature and largely on the Governor vote, Major Bragg, and his brother Thomas Bragg, jr., were engaged in the canvass."

Some persons might have the presumption to think, that, in consequence of Captain Bragg fighting under Taylor that he would, as a matter of courtesy, vote for him. Had Captain Bragg considered Gen. Taylor well qualified for this high station, and his being also a Democrat, no doubt the respect or courtesy might have justified the Captain in doing so: but his present independent course goes to show that of the General's unfitness, as also not being of the right political stuff; and, as the Whigs say of him in these diggins, "*that he is a neutral substance*." As for our own opinion, we should say that when a man contains but little substance, it is best to show neutral.

AN INCIDENT.

"Straws show which way the wind blows."

An incident occurred a few days ago at Beltsville, about fourteen miles from Washington, affording some indication of the course which will be pursued by the great mass of our returned volunteers, who, having escaped the "hospitable graves" invoked for them by Thomas Corwin and other leaders in the present Taylor *alias* whig party, are, or soon will be, in our midst to deal out political death through the ballot-box to the allies of those whom they have vanquished with the cartridge-box.

The Baltimore train of cars had stopped, containing 125 volunteers, returning from Mexico. They belonged to this city and the neighboring counties of Maryland. It was proposed by some one to give three cheers for Taylor. It was answered by the mover and but one solitary soldier. Three cheers were then proposed for our glorious ticket, CASS and BUTLER; and they were given in thunder-tones, such as have never waked up the echoes from the hills of old Maryland—124 volunteers, and most of the passengers in the cars joining in the soul-stirring shout, "Hurrah for Cass and Butler."

BUENA VISTA.

The Volunteers—for Cass.

One of the most gratifying features of the Presidential canvass, is the fact, that a large majority of the gallant men, who have fought their country's battles in Mexico, since their return from the fields of peril, are actively engaged in promoting the election of Cass and Butler. This is a sore disappointment to the Federal Whigs, who were confident that the volunteers, from sympathy towards Gen. Taylor, would rush *en masse* to his support. That these brave men are not led, by a false enthusiasm, into the embraces of Federalism, results from no want of attachment to Gen. Taylor as a military commander, but it is owing exclusively to the unfortunate position in which he is placed by lending his name to the opposers of the war, in which he has won all his laurels. Much as the volunteers may admire Gen. Taylor's skill and courage as a military captain, they admire candor and consistency still more, and a great majority of them revolt from any association with the party, whose leaders were for welcoming them with "bloody hands to hospitable graves."

It is this feeling, and none other, that prompts the eloquent and chivalric Col. BLACK to declare his preference for Gen. Cass from the highest house-tops. It is this that has wrought such a radical change in the brave Col. Wynkoop, who started for Mexico a zealous "Native American," and has returned a Democrat. These same considerations have converted the gallant Capt. NAYLOR—the representative of the Federal party in Congress, but now a decided Democrat. It is this, too, that has wrought the change mentioned in the following article which we copy from the *Huntingdon Globe*:

"No Go.—At the Federal County Meeting at Hollidaysburg, on Tuesday evening last, Captain Loeser, of the Reading Artillerists, who was on his return from

Mexico, and who happened to be present, was called on to make a speech. He rose and stated, that in 1840 he was a Whig and supported Harrison, and in 1844 he was a Whig and exerted all his influence for Henry Clay; "but," said the gallant captain, "I am a Whig *no longer*." Of course the Feds let the brave captain off without any further desire to hear him."

The following extract from the *Ohio Statesman* proves that the same sentiment prevails among the volunteer Buckeyes:

"Capt. JAMES IRVINE.—On Saturday last we had the pleasure of meeting Captain James Irvine, of the Millersburgh company, on his return from Mexico. He returns in good health and spirits.

"At the call of his country, though a Whig, he volunteered in defence of its rights. Like hundreds of others from our State, who left as Whigs, he returns a Democrat, and will do battle as heartily for Cass, Butler, Weller and Democracy, in Ohio, as he battled for his country and her rights on the tented fields of Mexico."

That the feeling in favor of Gen. Cass among the volunteers is not, as the Federal editors would fain persuade us, confined to the officers, but extends in the same cheering degree to the privates, is manifest from indications the most unmistakable. This is emphatically the case with the Pennsylvania regiments, who are almost to a man for Cass and Butler; and the following affords a gratifying view of the political complexion of the *New York* regiment, as canvassed by one of the officers:

	Officers.		Privates.	
	CASS.	TAYLOR.	CASS.	TAYLOR.
Company A, - - -	2	2	37	13
" B, - - -	3	1	46	4
" C, - - -	2	2	38	11
" D, - - -	1	2	41	9
" E, - - -	2	2	35	15
" F, - - -	2	2	40	10
" G, - - -	1	3	38	11
" H, - - -	1	3	33	13
" I, - - -	4	0	49	1
" K, - - -	4	0	48	2
	22	18	405	89
	18		89	

4 maj. for Cass.

316 maj. for Cass.

We believe this presents a fair sample of the opinions of nearly all the regiments that have served in Mexico. They are five to one for Cass and Butler, spurning all political association with the enemies of the war and of the just rights of the country.

Our Club consists mainly of mechanics and workingmen, consequently its means are limited: but if our Democratic Friends, at a distance, find this is calculated to produce the desired effect and a demand for more numbers than we can provide means to have printed for distribution, be made, they can be furnished to order at 50 cents per hundred, the price of printing. The Club will cheerfully perform the labor, requisite for distribution.

C. P. SENGSTACK,
Ch. Ex. Com. Cass & Butler Club.

0 011 897 606 A